Twelve Songs

as unpretentious
as the Wild Rose

Carrie Jacobs-Bond.

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WHEN I BID THE WORLD GOOD NIGHT.

Words by
CATHCART BRONSON.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Allegretto.

I hope there will be — a sun-set

mp *p*

gold - en, — When I bid the world good - night; — I

hope there will be no lead - en sky For cloud-ing my fail - ing

sight. — And I want to sail down the crim - son west When the o - cean rocks the

Poem from Mr. Bronson's Book of "Soul Immortal."
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rall. a tempo

sun to rest And the stars shine out on eve's fair breast, When I

rall. a tempo

bid the world good - night. I

rall. a tempo

hope they will surge a flood of song To drive a - way ev - 'ry

fear, A croon - ing breeze 'mid the list - 'ning trees As the

twi-light draw - eth near, And I want to hear the nest - ing bird, And the

rall. *a tempo*

tink - ling bells of the hom - ing herd, A sooth - ing voice and a

rall. *a tempo*

ten - der word When I bid the world good night,

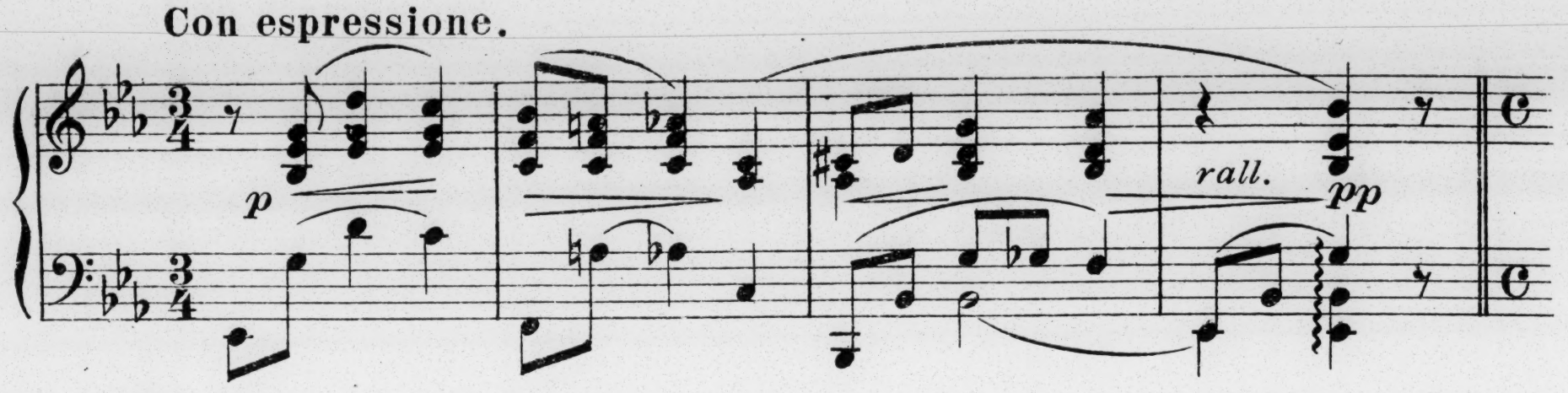
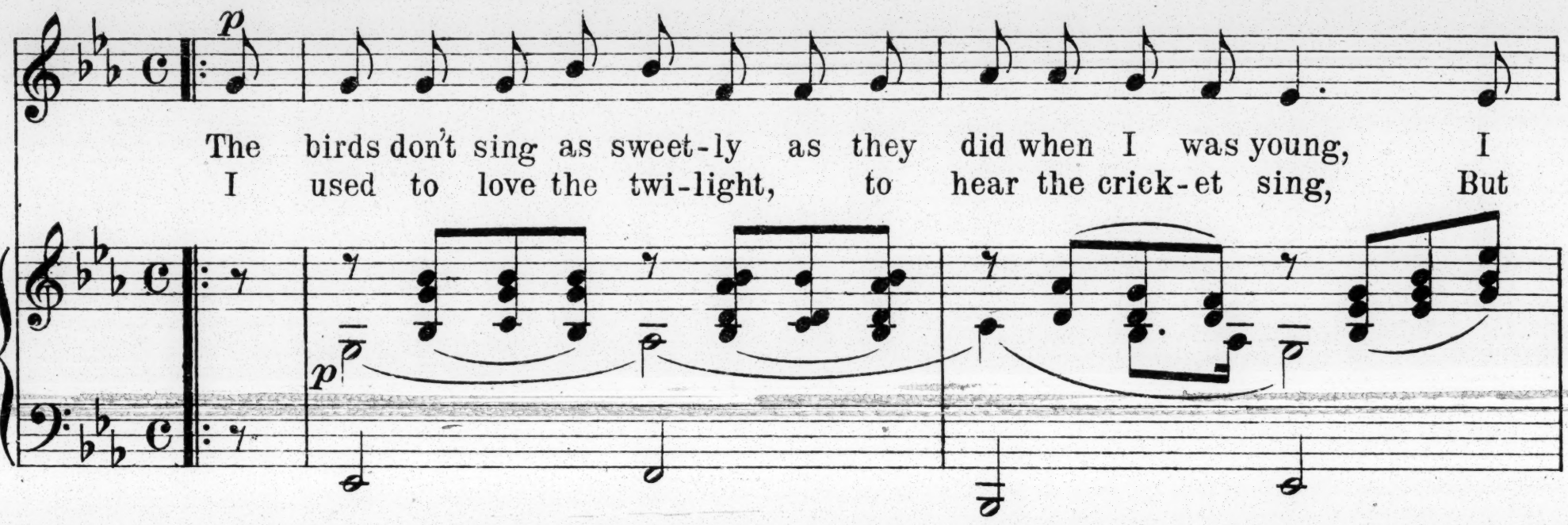
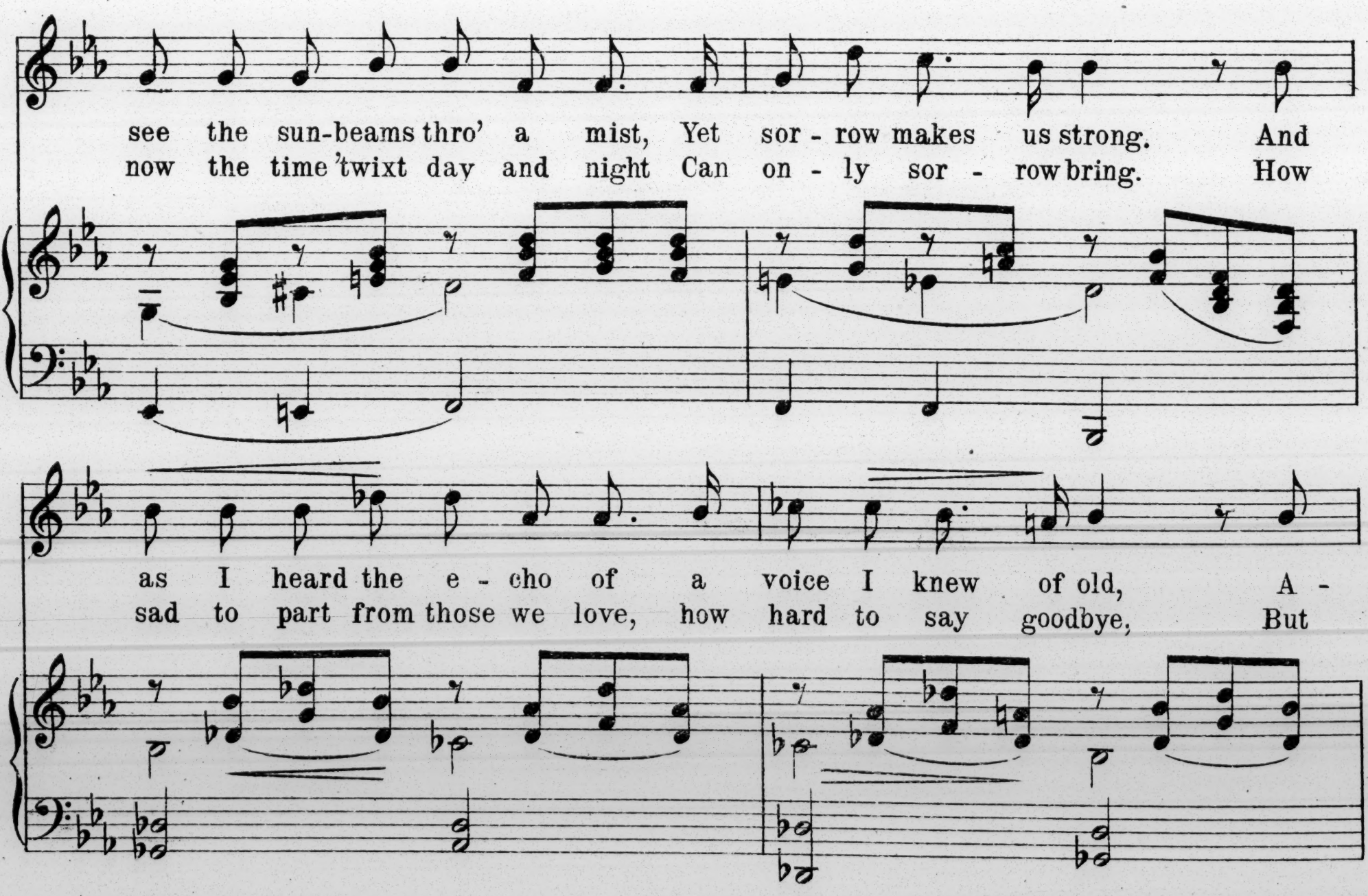
rall. *a tempo*

pp

good - night, good - night.

TIME MAKES ALL BUT LOVE THE PAST.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Con espressione.


see the sun-beams thro' a mist, Yet sor - row makes us strong. And
now the time 'twixt day and night Can on - ly sor - row bring. How
as I heard the e - cho of a voice I knew of old, A -
sad to part from those we love, how hard to say goodbye, But

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again I hear the harp - si - chord, a - gain this song is told.
lis - ten to the harp - si - chord, old songs can nev - er die.

LH. rall.

Grazioso.

Time makes all but love the past, Love is ev - er new; Should the dark-ness

gath-er fast I could still see you. I could hear your voice so sweet

rall. *a tempo*

singing thro' the years, I could see the face I loved thro' a mist of tears.

rall. *a tempo*

1. 2.

To Mr. Edwin Wareham.

LINGER NOT.

Words
ANONYMOUS.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante espressivo.

p

Lin-ger not long, home

is not home without thee, Its dear-est to - kens do but make me yearn;

Oh, let its mem - 'ry like a chain a-bout thee Gent - ly com-pel and has-ten

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thy re-turn. Yet I should grieve not

mf

tho' the eye that see - eth Ga-zeth thro' tears that make its splen-dor dull,

For oh! I some-times fear when thou art with me, My cup of hap-pi-ness is

all too full; My cup of hap-pi-ness is all too full.

UNTIL GOD'S DAY.

Words by
FRANK L. STANTON.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Patetico con espress. *p Recit.*

A lit-tle while to walk with

p *poco rit.* *p*

you my own, On - ly a lit - tle way__

Then one of us must weep and walk a - lone un - til God's day.

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A lit - tle while it is so sweet to live to - geth - er,

That I know life would not have one tear to give,

pp

If one of us should go, if one of us should

rit.

pp

rit.

a tempo

go. And if these lips should ev - er learn to smile

a tempo

cresc. appassionato

With your heart far from mine, 'Twould be for

ff *rit. e dim.*

joy that in a lit - tle while They should be kissed by

colla voce *f* *rit. e dim.*

mf *a tempo* *pp*

thine, by thine; 'Twould be for joy they should be

mf *rall.* *a tempo* *pp*

rit.

kissed by thine.

rit. *a tempo* *p*

LOVE'S SACRED TRUST.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante maestoso.

mf

p

If you would smile on me, oh love di-vine, If

ff *p*

I could know that you were tru - ly mine, The sky would be for-ev-er

rall.

blue to me, The birds would sing on ev-'ry bloss-'ming tree. If

rall.

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a tempo

I could know you would re - turn my smile, If I could know I could your

a tempo

cres - - - - - - - - - - - *cen* - - -

heart be-guile, Then mine the happiest life on earth would be, If I were yours and you were

cres - - - - - - - - - - - *cen* - - -

- - - - - - - - *do*

true to me; Then mine the hap-piest life on earth would be, If I were

f

- - - - - - - - *do*

f

rall.

yours and you were true to me.

a tempo

p

And when the vig - ils of the

rall.

a tempo

dim. *p*

night I keep, And know that your dear eyes are closed in sleep, Then in my wretch-ed-ness I

pray to be, If not in life, to live in dreams with thee. I dreamed last night all thro' the

cres - - - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - - do

lone-ly hours, I dreamed a-gain the old dream, love of you, Oh sacred trust you said you

cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - do

f rit. *a tempo* *mp*

loved me, I wake and find it sweet-ly true. Now

f rit. *a tempo* *mp*

mine the hap-piest life that e'er could be, The sun shines thro' the clouds for you and me, And

all the sun-beams fol - low in your wake, And life is sweet to me for

your dear sake, And by our love on earth our heav'n we make, For I am

yours, my own true love.

OVER HILLS AND FIELDS OF DAISIES.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Dolce

mp

O - ver hills and fields of dai - ses,
"I love you" the dai - sies tell me,

rall.

p

simile

Once we wan - dered light of heart,
As the snow - y pet - als part,

Now I'm dream - ing
And at last I

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you are with me, We to - geth - er ne'er to part.
hold the yel - low Of the gold with - in its heart.

You say - ing Oh, I love you, Love like mine will
Tho' at last the flow'r is sev - ered, Those white pet - als

mf

poco rit. *a tempo*

e'er be true, O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies
are its own, And the heart of gold is wait - ing

poco rit.

p *a tempo*

1. 2.

You are say - ing "I love you."
For the pet - als it has known.

molto rall. *molto rall.*

pp

3. Now the hills and all the dai - sies Lie be - neath the

p *arpeggimente.*

si - lent snow, Still I'm dream - ing of you dear - est,

And I won - der if you know That your form is

poco rit.

still be - side me That your voice rings in my ear.

poco rit.

a tempo

O - ver hills and fields of dai - sies, Till I feel that

a tempo

rall.

you are here.

rall.

morendo

ppp

WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST.

Words by
CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Andante tranquillo.

pp

When I am dead, my dear - est,
I shall not see the shad - ows,

rall.

pp

Sing no sad songs for me,
I shall not feel the rain,

Plant thou no ro - ses
I shall not hear the

at my head, Or shad - y cy - press tree;
night - in - gale Sing - ing its sad re - frain;

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mf

Be the green grass a - bove me, With tears or dew - drops
But dream-ing o'er the twi - light, That doth not rise or

wet, ——— And if thou wilt, re - mem - ber,
set, ——— Hap' - ly I may re - mem - ber,

rall. *p* 𝄋 *Finale only*

And if thou wilt, for - get.
Or hap' - ly may for - get.

rall. *a tempo*

morendo *dim.* *ppp*

THE DEAR AUF WIEDERSEHN.

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN. CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

Say not "good-bye" the sounds have all re-
Say not "a - dieu" the word has hid-den

mf

-gret, I can-not loose your hand with such a word, Our ways part
pain, With-in its for-eign ac-cents sweet and clear, That haunts my

here and yet, ah love and yet, I can-not leave you till my soul has
heart with sad and hope-less strain, And pleads with du-ty just to ling-er

decresc.

decresc.

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heard, The charm to bring me to your side a - gain. The
here, Smile cour - age in mine eyes O love and then. The

p *mf*

dear Auf Wie-der-sehn "Auf Wie-der-sehn", The charm to bring me to your
dear Auf Wie-der-sehn "Auf Wie-der-sehn", Smile cour - age in mine eyes O

f

con espressione

side a - gain, The dear 'Auf Wie - der - sehn", The dear "Auf Wie - der - sehn."
love and then, Whis-per 'Auf Wie - der - sehn", Whis-per "Auf Wie - der - sehn."

p ad lib.

nf *colla voce* *p*

p *mp*

Say not "fare - well" if thou wouldst have it so _ The word, like

8

p *mp*

a wan hand wave us a - part, I can - not leave, "mein lieb-ling" will not

8

mf *rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.*

go, Un - til you whis - per, ly - ing on my heart _____ The

8

mf *rit.* *a tempo* *cresc.*

mf *cresc.*

gol - den bridge be-tween the now and then, The sweet "Auf Wie-der-sehn," "Auf

mf *cresc.*

Wie - der-sehn," The gol - den bridge be-tween the

f *f*

now and then, The sweet "Auf Wie-der-sehn" The sweet "Auf Wie-der - sehn."

p *ad lib.* *p*

A BAD DREAM.

Words by
JULIET WILBUR TOMPKINS.

Music by
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato.

Up the morn-ing glo-ry vine the dreams are flock-ing To

mf

whis-per in my ba-by's drow-sy ears, And to sooth his sleep with songs and gen-tle

rock-ing. But a naught-y lit-tle dream brings up the rear, And it

whis-pers, "all a-lone, poor fright-en'd chick-en, And they haven't laid your bot-tle in your

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crib; There's a pin that in a mo-ment will be stick - ing, I can

see it get-ting read-y in your bib, And they've laid too man-y cov - er - lids a -

-bove you, O, if I were you I'd make my pres-ence known. I sup-

-pose your fam-'ly real - ly think they love you, But they left you for an hour all a -

-lone."

There's a whim-per-ing, a scream-ing, loud and

zeal - ous, A cry of "mo-ther's com-ing" from the hall, And that

naugh-ty dream has van-ished down the trell - is, Where the morn-ing glo-ry clambers on the

wall.

morendo

I WAS DREAMING_MAY-BE.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Moderato espressivo.

p

Per - chance my thoughts were wide a - wake, Or I was dream - ing_

may - be, As I sat rock-ing to and fro, My arm a-round my

mf

ba - by. And as I sang, a mys - tic spell Changed all this world com -

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-plete-ly. An - oth-er mo-ther, sing-ing, sat And rock'd her ba-by

rall. *a tempo*

sweet - ly, The vis-ion fled, yet well I know, Tho' I was dream-ing—

rall. *a tempo*

may - be, Far down the fu - ture sits my child, And

rit. *poco a poco*

rocks my ba - by's ba - by.

To Grace Duffie Boylan.

THE BIRD SONG.

CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Con moto.

1. My
2. The
3. If

p

ba - by is so tired to-night, She does not like the can - dle light, The
lit - tle birds have gone to rest, The ma - ma bird sits by the nest, The
I could shield you from all care, And keep your face for ev - er fair, As

lit - tle head will soon be pressed, A - gainst her ma - ma's lov - ing breast, And
lit - tle stars be - gin to shine, To light the sky for sleep - y time, And
now I see it while you sleep, These eyes of mine no more would weep, This

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ma - ma's song will sound the best. So by - lo, by - lo,
make it bright sweet child of mine. So
heart of mine its peace would keep. So

lit - tle ba - by sleep, So by - lo, by - lo,

God his watch will keep, Oh! ba - by mine, ____ how fond-ly I love

you, Oh! ba - by mine, ____ a mo-ther's love is true.

To Mrs Florence R. Magnes.

MOTHER'S THREE AGES OF MAN.

Words and Music by CARRIE JACOBS-BOND.

Vivace.

f

Allegretto.

1. Oh! time has tak-en my ba-by a-way, My ba-by I loved so
3. Now a girl has tak-en my man a-way, My man that I loved so

p

well, And the lul-la-by song he has tak-en a-long, And the
well, And the big strong arm that could shield from harm, Just be-

rea-son he will not tell, But time said, "Do not grieve, for I'm
-longs to a girl named Nell, And I'm grow-ing old, and the

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go - ing to leave In the cra - dle where he has slept, A mem-'ry sweet of the
world's grow-ing cold, But of course, as he is a man, He will have to go, and it's

ba - by a - sleep, Since a - way from your arms he's crept.
bet - ter so, And I'll do the best I can.

Vivace.

Allegretto.

2. O! time has tak-en my

boy a - way, My boy that I loved so well, And the march for fun with the

lit - tle gun, And the tales that he used to tell, But time

said, "Do not grieve, for I'm go - ing to leave A man who will care for

you, With a big, strong arm that can shield from harm, And a

heart that is brave and true.

D.C. After 3rd Verse

D.C. *f molto vivace*

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